

Darwin Feb. 16 1878

My dear George

I am writing in haste so I may prove illegible. Waiting for doctor to express the caverns of my thorax. Thanks for the Examiner. And thanks more than such stale words imply, for your article. It has given me unfeigned pleasure. It is just the sort that not only delights me but will also do the book good.

Personally I am glad you think this work shows most perseverance. I certainly took great pains with it. Then I like your appreciation of that sermon called "Greece's". I read it for the first time last May in Italy, when I was myself making a very adventurous flight in spiritual

Requies (not of Philosophy!) & when  
the pain of my side told me that  
a sudden end might come (as  
indeed it did) though not unto the  
death.

Therefore in my translation  
I passed myself into the Sonnet  
& I now have a <sup>father</sup> ~~step~~ fatherly feeling  
about it.

What check it was of Wordsworth  
to call that thing you quote  
a Sonnet. There is nothing to

we have odds there a little

block of 14 lines with its rhymes

clotted together, like soured

cream.

I utter an apology for want of

structures; but my "wast laches"  
consist in occasionally using 4  
instead of 2 rhymes for the  
quatrains.

I trust for Wordsworth's sake  
that "glory to eternal Peace is laid"  
is a clerical error of yours.

I read your review of Keats' Letters  
(in Academy) with great interest.

I must have the book out; though I

confess there is something in the  
personality of Keats, some sort  
of semi-physical aroma wafted  
from it, which I cannot endure.

And I fear these letters will be very  
resolvent of this.